

SHOT TO DEATH IN HIS SLEEP

SLUMBERING YOUTH IS RIPPED IN WINE SHOP YARD.

Free Down on Cafe Tables. Francisco Russo, who was killed by a bullet in the back of his head, was found in a wine shop yard at 330 East Sixty-third street, yesterday morning.

The electric light which swings over the back of the wine shop, where the body of the young man was found, was found to be in a state of disrepair. The light was found to be in a state of disrepair. The light was found to be in a state of disrepair.

His glance took in the players, none of whom he knew as casual drinkers. They were intent on their game except when they paused to upend a glass of something red with an edge on it that sparkled in the clear light. There was one, though, a black-browed, square-jawed fellow with enormous hands and feet, who seemed disturbed. Now and then he shot a look at the sleeping man. Now and then his gaze wandered over the dark wall of No. 332, the adjoining tenement house. No lights appeared from the windows of that house and Papa Salvo wondered idly what Black Bros. was so curious about. Salvo before turning back to his cafe looked once more toward the man who was asleep face downward on the table.

There was a young man who worked as a day laborer, a pleasant spoken, inoffensive lad whom Papa liked to have around. It was gossip, Papa remembered, that Francisco had once given information against kidnapers and that the information had been of great help to the police. But that was at least nine months ago, an old story, quite worn thin and denied besides by young Russo.

Papa hitched up his apron and turned on his heel to reenter the wine shop. As he stepped over the sill a whistle whistled from somewhere in the dark darkness. The light in the back yard was blown out instantly. Papa Salvo's eyes were dimmed with the bang, bang of a gun. Low voices muttered in the pitch dark. A table went over as a man running crashed against it. Somebody glided past Papa, dashed through the wine shop and clanged the door. From all around came shrieks and screams as the neighborhood woke up. Salvo thought he heard a groan. He started uncertainly for the back yard, thought better of it and hurried to the street shouting for the police.

There was no policeman close at hand, so Salvo, wringing his hands, appealed for help to the neighbors who had crowded the sidewalk, although nervously avoiding the cafe. Giuseppe Farno, who lives at 330, over the wine shop, caught Salvo by the arm. The danger has passed, said Farno. It was without doubt the never-to-be-forgotten curse Black Hand, but the dogs would not bite twice that night. It would be better to go to the back yard and see what there was to see. So back they went with a dozen men trailing cautiously after them and ready to fly at any alarm. Farno, picking his way, came to the electric light and turned the button.

Young Russo still lay on the two tables that were red and wet, but not from spilled wine. He was lying, moving his head a little but unable to speak. From somewhere above him, possibly from a window of 332, a shotgun had been fired and a heavy load of buckshot and slugs had entered his back, tearing it dreadfully. The tables upon which he lay had been chipped and scarred by lead and iron. Farno covered the dying man's head with a newspaper and waited for the police.

Two came charging in presently. Detective Degiglio and Patrolman Cunningham. They took in what had happened, then one sent for help while the other watched by the body. When the reserves came they were sent on a house to house search in the hope of finding a shotgun that was still warm and perhaps the man who had discharged the gun. Degiglio arrested at 334 East Sixty-third street Giuseppe Bagarello and at 332 Antonio Pina. Both had shotguns in their rooms. Cunningham, ranking through 334 took a prisoner, Giuseppe De Lorenzo, who possessed a .41 calibre revolver made in Belgium.

The three were arraigned before Magistrate Brown. Degiglio told the Magistrate that Russo had been killed by a gun similar to the ones taken at 334 and 332 East Sixty-third street. He wanted the men held as violators of the Sullivan law.

"I found these in rooms near where the murder was committed," said Degiglio. The Magistrate scanned the Sullivan law and replied that he could not find anything there which made it a crime for any one to have a shotgun in his room. He could not see that the law was designed to operate against those who could not possess weapons that could be concealed on the person.

"A man's house," said the Magistrate, "is his castle."

With De Lorenzo the case was different. The Magistrate held him in \$200 bail for trial. The law applied clearly to one who kept a pistol.

Coroner Feinberg questioned Salvo, Pina and other witnesses, but he could get anything worth while. They knew Russo, of course. There had been stories that he helped the police recover the Russo and Longo children last December, but they had not heard through made not and they knew anybody wanted to revenge on Russo. The Coroner then visited Salvo's back yard thought that the shot had been fired from a fire escape on any one of the three buildings that touch the yard.

Coroner's Physician O'Hanlon performed an autopsy and found that there were two bullet wounds. One entered Russo's back. The wounds entered the entire area of the back, which made O'Hanlon think that the murderer stood some distance from the sleeping man.

"THESE apartments are evenly heated day and night—we have the Spencer Steam or Hot Water Heater." Does this draw tenants? Let us refer you to some owners.

SPENCER HEATER CO.
N. Y. Office, 501 Fifth Ave., Cor. 42nd St.

A CROSSTOWN HOLDUP.

Three Youths Attack and Rob Conductor on Fourteenth Street Car.

A ball was breaking up at Tammany Hall shortly after 3 o'clock yesterday morning when a westbound Fourteenth street car came along and filled up with hounding dancers. At Seventh avenue everybody left the car except three or four young men and their dancing partners. One of these young men went out on the rear platform and pretended to be sick.

"That fellow will fall off the car if you don't look out for him," said a second young man to the conductor, Max Witsenhausen. The conductor stepped to the platform to look after the lurching youth. Two of the men followed him.

Suddenly the sick youth straightened up and he and the two others grabbed the conductor. One throttled him, a second grabbed his arms and the third rifled his pocket of \$6 in change. Witsenhausen managed to wrench himself loose for a moment and uttered a yell. The motor-man sped toward Ninth avenue, where there is a stationery police post, banging his gong as he went. A passenger not of the gang pulled out a police whistle and blew for help. At Ninth avenue the motor-man shut off his power and came to the conductor's help with his controller. The two of them fought the three holdup men until Police-man Delahanty came up. Other cops rushed to the scene and the three holdup men were rounded up. The girls with them jumped from the car and ran away.

In Jefferson Market court yesterday the prisoners said they were Joseph Owens of 410 West Eighteenth street, Joseph Dillon of 451 West Sixteenth street and John Clark of 32 Horatio street. All were under 21 years of age. They were charged with robbery. The passenger who blew the whistle was a man from New Jersey. He didn't get to court in time for the arraignment and the case went over to Tuesday morning. Bail was fixed at \$1,500 each.

GUN WIELDER HELD.

Murphy Accused of Firing Pistol Shot at a Woman.

Because Mrs. Adele Rossi ordered him and some companions from her house at 210 and 212 West Thirty-fourth street, Stephen Murphy is alleged to have fired a shot at her from a new type high power automatic pistol. The woman was not struck, but the bullet, according to the police, went through two of the combined thickness of which is three inches.

Murphy, who lives at 93 Ninth avenue, ran away but was captured later by Police-man Murphy of the West Thirty-seventh street station near Ninth avenue.

The police later found the revolver in the alleyway of the West Side Bank at Thirty-fourth street and Eighth avenue. It contained four loaded steel capped cartridges and a discharged shell.

Murphy was charged with felonious assault before Magistrate House in the West Side court yesterday and held in \$2,000 bail for the Grand Jury.

HAT WORKERS ORGANIZE.

Makers of Near Panamas Will Demand Higher Wage.

Arrangements were made yesterday at a mass meeting of imitation Panama hat workers and women's hat workers in the Astoria Assembly Rooms, 62 East Fourth street, to form a union for the purpose of making demands for higher wages and a shorter workday. The two branches of the trade are to be formed into one union and another meeting will be held in about a week to adopt a name for the union and enroll members.

The meeting yesterday was addressed by B. Weinstein, general organizer of the United Hebrew Trades, and others. According to Organizer Weinstein there are 10,000 persons working at these rates in this city.

THE WEATHER THIS WEEK.

Generally Fair Except for a Short Period of Unsettled and Showers.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 3.—There are no indications at this time of a tropical disturbance in South Atlantic waters, nor is the pressure distribution over the Atlantic Ocean favorable to storm formation in that region during the next several days. In the United States the coming week will be one of fair weather generally except for a short period of unsettled weather and showers attending the eastward movement of a barometric depression that is now forming over the Western plateau regions.

This disturbance will be over the Rocky Mountain region Monday, cross the great central valleys on Tuesday or Wednesday and the Eastern States Thursday or Friday. For eastern Pennsylvania, fair to day and probably to-morrow; moderate temperature; light northerly winds.

For the District of Columbia, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland and Virginia, fair and somewhat cooler to-day; probably fair to-morrow, light northerly winds.

WASHINGTON FORECAST FOR TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

For eastern New York and New England, fair to-day and to-morrow; light variable winds; mostly northerly.

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TWO GIRLS TAKEN FROM WRECK

PART OF TRIP TO NEW YORK MADE IN BREECHES BUOY.

Grace and Flora Stratton came from Mississippi on their father's schooner, which grounded off Shinnecock. Rescue Made in Early Morning.

Two young women who set out from Moss Point, Miss., on August 15 for their first trip to New York and Boston reached the metropolis hauled ashore from a stranded vessel by the Shinnecock life saving corps at dawn yesterday. They were Grace and Flora Stratton, 20 and 22 years old, who sailed with their father, Capt. C. M. Stratton, on the four masted schooner Carrie A. Lane.

Their boat ran ashore about 4 o'clock on the outer sand bar off Shinnecock Bay, and two hours later the girls were clutching the canvas sides of the breeches buoy and dangling over the waves. Their father with two from the ship's crew of seven remained on board, Capt. Stratton because he was just recovering from an attack of fever picked up during the southern part of his trip and the others to keep possession of the boat. The girls were cared for at the home of Capt. Alanson Penny of the Shinnecock life savers, who superintended their rescue.

"I was too tired to know just how I did get rescued," said Miss Flora Stratton, who left the dinner table at Capt. Penny's at Good Ground, L. I., yesterday afternoon to tell a St. Louis reporter all about it. "I know we got off all right and didn't get a bit wet, but I hope I don't have to do it again."

"Father has followed the sea all his life," she went on, "but this is the first trip we girls have ever taken with him. When they loaded at Moss Point we said we wanted to come along and see New York and Boston. At first he thought we had better wait for the ship was filled with railroad ties and there was any body aboard but the crew. But then he said 'All right, girls, come along,' and we went."

"It was still dark this morning and we were both asleep when the boat hit something. We were nearly shaken out of our berths and I knew something had happened, so I told my sister to get up and we went on deck. It was about an hour before they had the buoy fastened and then we had to climb up fifty feet or more to the top of the mast and get into it." Here Miss Stratton paused.

"How did you feel when you were being taken ashore in the buoy?" she was asked.

"Awful scared."

"Did you hit the water going over?"

"Don't remember. I just shut my eyes and held on."

"And are you going to go aboard the boat again when they get it clear of the bar?"

"We'll make the rest of the trip by rail. Of course we will see New York and then take the train to Boston. But I mustn't keep these good people waiting with their dinner. We're all right, both of us, really we are."

A patrol from the Shinnecock life saving station saw the Carrie A. Lane not many minutes after she had settled on the sand bar. The life savers had just taken their place at the station watch on a hill top when they saw through the dark night light of early morning a ship 600 yards off shore. The boat was swaying from end to end while her sails flapped in the light wind.

"Hello!" shouted the life saver, making a speaking trumpet with his hands. "Turn out; there's a ship in trouble here."

It was Capt. Penny's day of liberty, but he was called from his home at Good Ground and reached the life saving station before the men had their life saving buoy rigged up. Capt. Penny could see two girls on the schooner's deck and he telephoned over for his wife and daughter to come over to look out for the girls when they were brought ashore. Part of them from the Southampton station and Capt. Penny's sons came on to help.

They rigged the breeches buoy and one of the men fired the little mortar which carried the line. The life savers thought the breeches buoy would be quicker and safer than the boats with the sea that was running. The mate of the Carrie A. Lane hauled in the stouter whip line and two husky sailors of the crew pulled away until the heavy hawser with the buoy tackle was on the ship and made fast to the upper rigging of the jigger mast. With the sand anchor fast on the beach the life savers were ready to take off the crew.

Two girls, shivering from excitement and the chill of the early morning, looked up through the tangle of ropes to the place some fifty feet above them where the bucket shaped buoy swung ready to take them across. It took some urging to get them to make the trip, but with a sailor at each side they one at a time climbed the rope ladders of the aloof and were helped into the basket. Swaying from side to side and almost touching the waves at times each was hauled to the beach.

There Mrs. Penny was ready to give them coffee and assure them that everything was all right. Neither of them needed much attention and they were interested while their father, Mr. E. S. Campbell, Second Mate E. C. Hasbrouck, with John Stevens, Antonio Ford and John Loofer of the crew were taken ashore. Capt. Stratton, Steward Charles Marshall and John Ganders from the crew stayed with the ship.

The Carrie A. Lane had taken in no water and seemed as sound as when she left Mississippi. A wrecking tug was called from the Merritt & Chapman dock, Staten Island, and a revenue cutter came down from Manhattan.

It was dark before the cutter and the tug reached the schooner and no move will be made to get her off the shoals until to-day.

The trip from Moss Point to New York had not been particularly pleasant, one of the crew said. Capt. Stratton picked up some sort of a fever while the boat was still in southern waters. He was not seriously sick at any time and was now much better. Then there had been six days of very rough weather off Cape Hatteras, where a northeaster swept over them and made progress slow.

Some mistake in soundings, it was said, was responsible for the schooner striking the sand bar. The mate thought he was two miles from shore when hardly more than 1,500 feet separated him from land.

GRAND TRUNK'S LAST LINK.

Contract Let for 410 Miles From Yellowhead to Vancouver, B. C.

OTTAWA, Sept. 3.—Charles M. Hayes, president of the Grand Trunk Railway, announced to-day that plans for completing the link between the present line near the Yellowhead Pass to Vancouver, Mr. Hayes's announcement says:

"A contract for the construction of a 410 mile section of our main line between Aldermere in Bulkley Valley and Tete Jaune Cache, a point fifty miles west of Yellowhead Pass, has just been awarded to Messrs. Fox, Pelly and Stewart."

This is the last uncompleted gap in the Grand Trunk line.

The work will be pushed from the east and west ends."

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INTO

the cold commercialism of contracts we strive to inject the redeeming rays of unselfish interest.

We realize that we share the ambitions of those we serve. We are in the same boat, on the same sea, bound for the same port.

THOMPSON-STARRETT COMPANY
Building Construction
Fifty-One Wall Street

NO DIVORCE FOR SIDNEY LOVE

COURT DECIDES THAT BONDS SHALL NOT BE BROKEN.

Oregon Judge Finds Facts in the Broker's Favor, but Holds That He Has Not Sought Reconciliation or Provided a Home Since Leaving England.

BAKER, Ore., Sept. 3.—With a ruling to the effect that the bonds of matrimony existing between the plaintiff and the defendant shall not be dissolved and that the suit shall be dismissed in the Circuit Court, Judge William Smith yesterday settled the divorce suit of Sidney C. Love against his wife, Marjorie Burnes Love.

In his findings of fact Judge Smith holds in favor of Love, but evidently his reason for not granting the divorce is shown in paragraph 16, wherein he says that since he left England on September 21, 1909, Love has not sought reconciliation with his wife, has not provided a home or sought to relieve her mind with reference to the future.

In a long opinion the Judge points out that the pride of the defendant was broken after the loss of his fortune and that he was entitled to more consideration from the members of his family than the evidence shows he received.

He takes a fling at Mrs. Love's claim that her husband was a gambler when in her own testimony it was shown that she had purchased a gambling outfit for him, paying \$1,000.

"It is possible," says the Judge, "that it is possible she would rather have seen her husband behind the wheel entrancing his friends than to stand in front when it was operated by another."

He also treats lightly her claim that she tried to divert his mind from drink by the pastime of gambling. "If they really loved each other," he said, "no quarrel over such a trifling thing as the baby's food could have separated them."

He scornfully denounced the methods of Mrs. Love's attorneys in seeking to prove counter charges against the plaintiff by the testimony of the negro barber in New York and his first wife's story of a Chicago divorce suit.

Mr. Love is at present out of the city and his attorney, John L. Bond, when seen this evening said that until he saw his client he was uncertain as to whether or not the case would be appealed.

The marital affairs of Sidney C. Love of the Chicago and later the New York stock market, member of many clubs and known as a horseman, first came up in the newspapers just eight years ago when Love and his first wife's divorce suit from Chicago that his wife was about to bring suit for divorce against him.

He was divorced, however, by Minerva Cool Love in 1905 and in October, 1907, he married Miss Marjorie Burnes of Chicago, whose name of late years never has been mentioned in the newspapers without the word "widow" before it.

Miss Burnes was said to have inherited \$50,000, chiefly invested in Western securities. In January, 1909, the Stock Exchange firm of Sidney C. Love of 2 Wall street sold its local business and that of its branches to Hollister & Babcock of the new firm had been in the Chicago Exchange, this city, and in Chicago where Love started; Minneapolis and St. Louis and owned a membership in the Chicago Board of Trade. The firm, which was perhaps better known in Chicago than here, carried on an even more extensive business in grain than in stocks.

The announcement of the retirement of the firm caused much surprise in the Street. The only explanation made was that Love & Co. had received an advantageous offer.

ROUNDUP OF CAR ROWDIES.

Special Squad Gathers in 107 of Them at Coney Island.

The strong arm squad from Manhattan, reinforced by twenty detectives from Police Headquarters and from a number of police stations at various points all over the city, stationed themselves at the Culver depot at Coney Island last night and started in to break up the window jumping from the trains departing for Brighton Beach and Manhattan. Within a few hours they had gathered in 107 prisoners.

The detectives, dressed in old clothes and wearing caps and slouch hats, drifted into the depot a few at a time and took up their stations on the train platforms.

At 8 o'clock, when the rush homeward began, there were forty of them on duty. The Culver depot, which is on Surf avenue, a few blocks east of Luna Park and in the heart of the amusement resorts, handles the heaviest traffic of all the stations on the island. Many complaints have been made recently about the behavior of the youths who push the women and children aside and hop through the windows of the trains before the women have a chance to get seats.

The Commissioner sent a number of the rough and tumble men to this trouble point on Saturday night and they rounded up forty prisoners. They were all arraigned in the Coney Island police court before Magistrate Dooley yesterday morning. Most of them were fined \$1. Last week Magistrate Hyman sentenced most of the youths who were brought before him on the same charge to three days in the workhouse.

The arrests began last night, almost as soon as the detectives had taken their places on the platforms. Every one who made a jump for the car windows was hustled off to the station house. Each detective waited until he had two prisoners and then as fast as he could took them up he came back for more. Most of the prisoners were young men.

The capacity of the Coney Island police station was taxed to its limit to take care of the prisoners until they could be arraigned before Magistrate Dooley this morning.

Detectives Kubok, Dougherty and Schindler gathered a lot of rowdies last night at subway stations in upper Manhattan and from surface cars in the Bronx. At 191st street five men were nabbed charged with pushing each other into passengers' laps, wrestling in the middle of the car and using profanity. At 242nd street four more were taken and at 157th street another. Each of the ten prisoners got five days in the workhouse.

At a station Point surface car in the Bronx four men were seized while they were skylarking and taken to the Morrisania police station, where Magistrate Krotel fined them each \$10.

TRAINS SMASH AT A STATION

29 HURT, NONE BADLY, WHEN AIR BRAKES FAIL.

Electric Train Standing at Holland Station on L. I. R. Was Rammed by Steam Train From Behind—Passengers in Aisles and on Platforms Wounded.

Twenty-nine persons were injured, none of them fatally, when a steam train from Long Island City smashed into the rear end of a Flatbush avenue electric train that was discharging passengers at Holland station, five blocks from Hammels, L. I., yesterday. The engineer of the steam train said that his air brakes had failed to work.

John Dunn was the engineer of the train that left Long Island City at 10:30 o'clock, not to stop according to schedule until it came to Hammels, at the other end of the long trestle over Jamaica Bay. Dunn said afterward that before he left the yards he had protested against taking out the old fashioned engine because he found that the air brakes did not work. He went ahead, however, with seven coaches behind him and was spinning along over the trestle at a good speed when it came time for him to test those air brakes for the Hammels stop. Just this side of Hammels Dunn tried them but they did not hold.

In the meantime the trainmen were calling the station and the aisles were filled with persons ready to get off. They were surprised when Hammels station went back out of sight and the passing train shot along as if it had never meant to stop there.

Up in front Dunn was swearing and sweating and trying to get his reverse throttle into play. But this also refused to work. He could see the Flatbush avenue train with folks climbing on and off it at the little Holland station, and he knew what was coming. Ordinarily his train was due to make that station two minutes after the Flatbush avenue train had drawn out. Dunn let his whistle go, saw a frantic figure, the flagman at Bayview avenue, run out and wigwag a red flag at him. Then he was even with and beyond the flagman. Then he shut his eyes and waited for the bad.

His engine whirled along into the back of the electric train and buried its nose in the vestibule. That last car fortunately was a steel one. There were nine cars on the Flatbush avenue train and every other one was steel. The first wooden car that felt the jar hopped off the track.

Back of Dunn in the steam train those who had been standing in the aisles were flat on their faces, and by some freak of collisions the passengers on the last two cars further away from the actual impact were the worst mixed up. The glass from the windows that had popped out flew along the cars and out onto the platform, where those who were trying to board the Flatbush train were gathered. The surgeons began to ring in the offices of every doctor in the neighborhood almost as the dust blew off the wreck and an ambulance came clanging from the New Rockaway Beach Hospital. The surgeons found that most of their work was quieting excited persons who thought they had been killed but were really only cut. Only one person, Mrs. Elizabeth Siebner of 104 Seventy-fourth street, Long Island City, who had both legs fractured, had to go away in the ambulance.